

## SOMEWHAT MIXED.

A Little Question of Relationship for Mathematicians to Solve.

'Mister, do you write the 'Answers to Correspondents' for this paper?' asked the visitor with the despondent countenance of the Correspondence Editor, as he leaned across the desk and heaved a sigh through the atmosphere.

'Yes, sir; what can I do for you?' 'Can you answer a little question of relationship?' 'Give me the facts, and I'll try.'

'Here you are; When I was a baby, my mother, a widow, married the brother of my father's first wife. He was my uncle, of course, but that made him my father, didn't it?' 'Your stepfather, you mean.'

'Yes. Well, mother got a divorce from my uncle-father, and then she married the eldest son of my father's first wife. He was my half-brother, wasn't he, and also my stepfather, wasn't he?' 'It looks as if it were.'

'That made mother my half-sister, didn't it?' 'I—I—I s'pose it did.'

'That's what I thought. Well, you see, my uncle-father had a daughter before he married mother. She was my half-sister, too, wasn't she?' 'I—I—I s'pose she was.'

'That's the way I put it up. Next thing was my mother got a divorce from my brother-father, and he—my half-brother, you know—married my half-sister. That made her a kind of stepmother of mine, didn't it?' 'I—I—I—'

'Well, never mind answering yet. My half-brother-stepfather died, and now my half-sister-stepmother and I want to get married, but we can't work out if we can without being arrested for some kind of thingamy. We don't want to have our tyre punctured just as we get to scorching on the matrimonial tandem. What I want you to tell me is, what is my relationship to my brother, my uncle, my stepfathers, my half-sisters, my mother, my half-brother, my stepmother, and myself, and if I can marry her without—why, what's the matter?' The Correspondence Editor had become unconscious.

**PUTNAM'S EXPLOIT MATCHED.**  
The Lion was Smoked out and Then Shot by Another Man.

A brave deed, in order to be handed down to posterity, must be fortunate in the place, time and circumstances of its occurrence, and also in its historian. An Idaho paper records in a few words an exploit which seems to reveal an intrepidity quite equal to that shown in the reputed entrance of the wolf's cave at Pomfret by Israel Putnam; but the incident appears so ordinary to the Idaho paper that it does not even put on record the name of the young man who was the hero of the adventure.

However, it records the name of Charles Lockerman, who shot the mountain-lion after the other man had smoked it out of its cage—which seems to be much the less important part of the achievement.

It seems that near Pearl in Boise county Idaho, a mountain-lion, shown to be of great size by its trail, was tracked to a cave by Charles Lockerman, who had two or three men with him.

Then the question arose, How was the cougar to be got out of the cave?

'One of the men with Lockerman,—so the hero is designated—volunteered to enter the cave, light a fire, creep out, and leave the animal to be smoked out, so that Lockerman could shoot him.

Now a mountain-lion of full size is quite as formidable as a wolf, and to enter the cave with him must be as great an achievement as that which is legendary concerning Israel Putnam. But this anonymous person did not hesitate. At the risk of encountering the wild beast, he took some brush and some matches, crept into the cave, and made a fire and crept out again. Soon the smoke filled the cave; soon also the mountain-lion snarling, came bounding out. Lockerman was ready, and a ball from his rifle laid the creature low. It was measured, and found to be seven feet in length.

She Had Ample Revenge.

No one but a woman could have conceived so cruel a vengeance. Yet she tells of it with positive glee. They all lived in one of those very exclusive little squares—hotbeds of gossip—where the houses are every one built on the same plan, and where each man, woman, and child knows the finest details of the next-door neighbour's existence.

'However she dared do such a thing I cannot imagine,' said the modern Borgia. 'It was when I was ill that she called upon me, and in my weakness I was foolish enough to have my maid get out my new gown to show it to her. Would you believe it? She had the audacity to go directly and have the gown duplicated down to the very buttons, and was wearing it on the street before I had ever been well enough even to try mine on. But I am not the kind of woman to tolerate such

treachery. I saw that she was speedily and hideously punished.

'What did I do?' continued the exasperated speaker. 'Why, I made a present of my gown to Lucinda, my cook, and the first time that I saw 'that woman' go out I hired Lucinda to put on the gown and walk up and down the square in full sight of the entire neighbourhood. Then, when 'that woman' returned home, our mutual friend met her in front of her house and said to her:—

'Why, my dear Mrs. Dolliver, what a charming gown you have on! But let me think now—where have I seen a gown similar to yours? Oh, yes; I remember! Mrs. Hill's cook has just gone around the corner with one exactly like it. How strange! Here she comes now. Up sauntered Lucinda, twirling a red umbrella. Mrs. Dolliver is having to use colour restoratives on her hair. They say it turned white in a minute. You see, I have a drop of Italian blood in my veins. I believe in the vendetta!'

## Proof for Sick Men.

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AND STRONG.

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Gentlemen:—I am truly thankful for the good results I have obtained from the use of your Paine's Celery Compound. For a long time I have been a sufferer from general debility and indigestion and have made use of many medicines, but none have given me the grand results as far as improved health is concerned, as has your wonderful Paine's Celery Compound. It has done wonders for me, and though I am 65 years old, I have been able to do light work for the past six months, and have not lost a day. I give your medicine all the credit for my restoration.

JOHN H. BROWN,  
Truro, N. S.

The Tug-of-War Championship.

In the inquiry column of Tit-Bits the question is asked which regiment holds the tug-of-war Championship. The answer is that 'for several years this was held by the Scots Greys, who last year, however, owing to the unavoidable absence of several of the best members of their team, forfeited it to their countrymen of the 2nd Scots Guards. The longest tug-of-war on record lasted 2hr. 41 min. It was a tug between Company H of the Second Derby Regiment (the winners) and Company G of the same, at Jubbalpore, India, 12th August 1898. Standing start, no holes till after 'go' was given, any part of the body of either team to be pulled over line marked on ground. On Jubilee Day, at Deseronto, Canada, a tug-of-war between two teams, styled Picton and Deseronto, seven men a side, lasted 2hr 10 min. Stimulants had to be administered to every man frequently, and applications of cold water and rubbings were frequent.

The youngest son of the family had enlisted for the war. The hour of his departure had come; He kissed his weeping mother and sisters, bad them good-bye cheerily, and was gone. Twenty-four hours afterward he burst into the house, excited and trembling.

'What is the matter, Charley?' screamed his mother. 'Have you deserted?' 'No. I got a leave of absence,' was his hurried reply.

'Something terrible has happened, I know! What is it, my dear boy?' 'Mother,' he replied, with a smothered sob, 'I forgot my camera!'

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Is not ordinary—far from it.

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PACKARD, of Montreal. ALL SHOE STORES.  
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## CAN'T EAT.



FOOD is the fuel that feeds the fires of life. Digestion is the process that turns the fuel into energy. Few possess perfect digestion. If your digestion is imperfect, if you cannot eat what you like without discomfort, if you cannot eat when you ought to eat, the time has come when you should take Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills. Hunger is the best Sauce. Take these Pills and get hungry. You may eat what you want if you take Dr. Ward's Pills.

WHAT THEIR MERITS ARE:

My system was entirely rejuvenated by the use of Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills, and I consider them a marvellous strength and nerve builder for dyspepsia. I was so sick and miserable that I seemed to have no life or energy left in me. I suffered so at times that I thought death would be better for me. I had tried Doctors and different kinds of medicines, but all failed to do me any good. I am in every way now a well woman, and have been for months. Before using these Pills I was so sick that I could not keep anything in my stomach. I was under the opinion that dyspepsia could not be cured, but now I am satisfied it can be cured, for I am able to eat like any healthy woman and feel better in every way. They have built me up also. I now weigh several pounds more than I ever did before. In conclusion, I would advise every woman afflicted with poor digestion to give Dr. Ward's Pills a trial.

MRS. L. E. WATSON, Port Colborne, Ont.

Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills are sold at 50 cents per box, 5 boxes for \$2.50, at druggists, or mailed on receipt of price by The Dr. Ward Co., 77 Victoria St., Toronto. Book of information free.

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Is unequalled as a remedy for Chafed Skin, Piles, Scalds, Cuts, Sore eyes, Chapped Hands, Chills, Earsache, Neuralgic and Rheumatic Pains, Throat Colds, Ringworm, and Skin Affections generally. Large Pots, 1s 1/4; each, at Chemists, etc., with Instructions.

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GALLERY GODS.

Not all of Them eat Peanuts and Utter Catcalls.

'Not all of the gallery gods eat peanuts and whistle and stamp and utter catcalls,' said a man who has begun saving up his money instead of spending it. 'I have heretofore been accustomed to the orchestra; now I have tried the gallery, and here is my first experience:—

'It was tremendously hot and the business was light and I suppose I did better buying a ticket in advance; but anyhow I had a good seat in the front row. I had to climb a good many stairs, and when I got up there the gallery looked pretty steep, so that as I skirted around the back of it to get to my aisle I hugged the bank, so to speak, and I went carefully down the stairs, but when I got to my place I found an orchestra chair with a folding seat—they were all like that—with a wire hat holder on the under side, and the hat holder in order, and that indeed seemed to be a characteristic of the place. It was by no means elaborate in adornment, but everything appeared to be looked after and kept in trim.

'Well, I sat down in my seat and looked down into the orchestra, where I had sat the last time I had been in theatre, and it seemed a good way down. Then I looked around where I was. I saw there people just as good as I was; maybe they'd think themselves better, and a variety of people. There was one sailor there that night, and he conducted himself as precisely everybody else there did, with perfect decorum. There was attention to the play and interest in it; rather more manifestation of interest than in other parts of the house; but aside from that the hearing of the people there was substantially like that of the people below; strangely like it indeed in some respects: as, for instance in the case of the man sitting next to me, a well-dressed well-appearing man, who for the greater part of the evening sat with his arm over the arm of my seat. It made everything seem just as natural as could be, and gave me a homelike feeling right from the start.

'As a matter of cold fact, I'd rather sit in the orchestra than the family circle, but it was a very satisfactory experience, nevertheless, in which I discovered that I could see the best plays going for a very little money if I would be content to look at them from a little different angle.

A CEASELESS TORMENT.

Eczematic Gnawing and Irritation Have a Short Stay After one Application of Dr. Agnew's Ointment.—It Helps Immediately and Cures Quickly.

C. W. Howard, Peak's Island Me., writes: 'Enclosed find 35 cents, for which kindly send me a box of Dr. Agnew's Ointment. I have been afflicted for a long time with eczema, and it has done me so much good I want to try another box. The first application gave more relief than anything I have ever tried. It's going to cure me outright.'

## FLASHES OF FUN.

Haverly—'Doesn't Enpee believe in a central form of government?' Austin—'No; he married a telephone girl.'

'I wish I was twins,' said Willie.

'Why?'

'I'd send the other half of me to school, and this half would go fishing.'

He: 'If people said just what they thought it would do a lot of harm, wouldn't it?'

She: 'Well, it would in my opinion reduce conversation about nine-tenths!'

A quack doctor on his death-bed willed his property to a lunatic asylum, giving as a reason for doing so that he wished his fortune to go to the liberal class who patronized him.

'Prisoner, you are sentenced to pay a fine of £6 or serve six days in gaol.'

'Ah, you flatter me, your honour! You consider one day of my time worth a sovereign!'

Algy: 'You say she only partially returned your affection?'

Clarence: 'Yes; and that's what I'm kicking about. She returned all the love letters, but retained all the jewellery.'

In a ball-room a soft young man said to a sweet girl: 'May I sit on your right hand?'

Her reply was: 'Why, of course not; you'd better take a chair.'

'I've been trying to sell that gown for £24 for a month.'

'And how did you finally succeed?'

'I marked it down to £3 19s. 11 3/4 d., and the first woman who came along thought she had a bargain.'

Visitor (to sexton digging grave in churchyard): 'Who's dead?'

Sexton: 'Old Squire Thornback.'

Visitor: 'What complaint?'

Sexton (without looking up): 'No complaint everybody satisfied.'

A Lawyer noted for his laconic style of expression sent the following terse and witty note to a refractory client who paid no attention to reiterated demands for the payment of his bill: 'Sir,—If you pay the enclosed bill you will oblige me. If you don't I shall oblige you.'

At a Lith Sunday school picnic sports were being engaged in. After a race for boys had been run, one of the teachers asked the winner if he would prefer a book or a threepenny-piece as a prize. 'I'll tak' the book,' promptly replied the winner, 'for I don't want to be a professional.'

A professional cricketer was nearly 'run out,' and he was so pleased at the umpire's decision that he jumped in the air as a sign of his joy. The wicket-keeper, who still had the ball pulled up a stump (because the balls were off) while the man was in the air and appealed to the umpire, and the professional was given 'out.'

'Papa,' said little four-year-old Margie, 'I think you are just the nicest man in the whole world.'

'And I think you are the nicest little girl in the world,' replied her father.

'Course I am,' said Margie. 'Ain't it queer how such nice people happen to get into the same family?'

Mistress (a widow): 'Well, Johnson I'm sorry you are going to leave us, but you're very fortunate in having this money left you.' (Pleasantly) 'I suppose your looking for a wife now?'

Johnson (the butler): 'Well, really ma'am, I feel very much honoured by what you propose, but I'm engaged to a young woman already.'

Teacher (to the new girl): 'Now Dolly, I'll give you a sum. Supposing that your father owed the butcher fifteen pounds, eleven shillings, and twopence halfpenny; seven pounds, three shillings to the bootmaker; fourteen pounds and ninepence to the milkman; and thirty-one pounds, nineteen shillings, and threepence three-farthings to the coal merchant—'

Dolly (confidently): 'We should move!'

Wife: 'Who was that who called?' Husband: 'One of my tenants called to pay me his rent.'

'Did he pay it?'

Yes.

Then why do you look so gloomy?'

He didn't say a word about wanting fifteen or twenty pounds' worth of repairs.'

'What of it?'

'That shows he's going to leave.'

A youth who much desired to wear the matrimonial yoke had not sufficient courage to 'pop the question.' On informing his father of the difficulty he laboured under, the old gentleman passionately replied, 'Why, you great booby, how do you suppose I managed when I got married?'

'Oh, yes,' said the bashful lover, 'you married mother, but I've got to marry a strange girl.'

Two men, a German and a Frenchman, who met in New York, had a heated argument over the question whether the wife of a State governor had an official title or not. One contended that she should be addressed as 'Mrs. Governor So-and-so.' The other stoutly insisted that she was simply 'Mrs. Blank, wife of Governor Blank.' They finally agreed to leave the matter to the first man they met. He proved to be an Irishman. They stated the case to him, and asked for his decision.

'Nayther of yez is right,' he said, after a moment of severe cogitation: 'the wife av a governor is a governess.'

'Nobody can learn all there is worth knowing in this lifetime,' said Mr. Meekton, wisely, 'and a man ought never to assume that his education is finished. I'm going to keep right ahead with mine; I'm going to study astronomy.'

His wife looked at him sharply, and

then in a cold, hard tone exclaimed: 'Leonidas, you'll have to think up some better excuse than that for staying out at night!'

Pater: 'Confound it all! These writers in the home papers should be driven out of the country. Here's some female quill-pusher telling parents 'How to keep boys at home at night.''

Mater: 'That is all right, isn't it?'

Pater (angrily): 'All right, is it! You may think so, but I don't. What chance have those five girls of ours to be courted and married if the boys are kept at home in the evenings? Tell me that!'

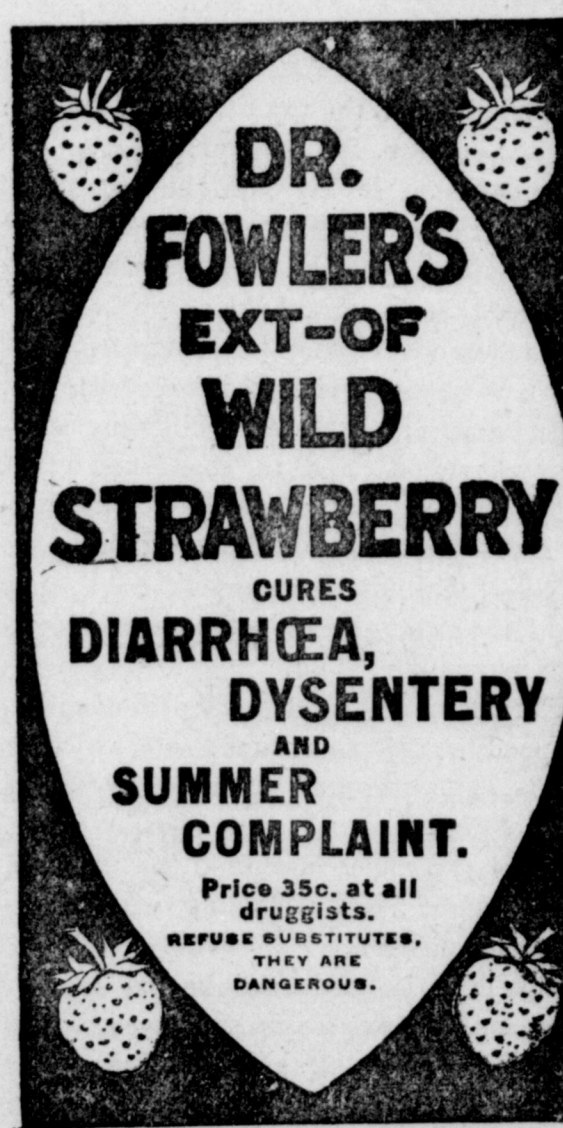
In a case of slander that was heard not long ago a lady had gone into the witness-box on behalf of the plaintiff, whose counsel was examining her.

'Now, madam,' the lawyer began, 'please repeat the slanderous statements made by the defendant on this occasion, just as you heard them.'

'Oh, they are unfit for any respectable person to hear!' was the emphatic answer. 'Then,' said the examiner, coaxingly, 'suppose you just whisper them to the judge.'



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## THE SUN BURNED OUT.

Even the Sun will burn himself out, and one day be as dark and cold as the Moon.

Everything has its day. Sometimes the rich dress of a lady has a very short day. You get it smeared or stained or the color is absorbed by the Sun. That is the end where TURKISH DYES have not been heard of. But use these incomparable dyes and the garment is new again with a lovely color (and surely 72 shades leave room for the free play of taste!) which you cannot wash out! which will resist rain; and which will remain lustrous and beautiful while a thread of the dress remains. When a lady has a rich dress to dye she does not ask for the common dyes whose shades 'Run in' miserably little murky rivulets. Oh no! She will have nothing but TURKISH DYES, which have the latest improvements, slavishly copied by the interior dyes. They are bright and beautiful. They are the best quality. They are prepared with the greatest care, and they will dye any color or kind of garment. Don't take common dyes. They promise to the eye, and break it to the experience.

Send postal for 'How to Dye well' and Sample Card to 481 St. Paul Street, Montreal.